

The Critic

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Mary Anderson.

THE eminent Italian tragedian, Salvini, in conversation with a reporter of an evening contemporary, a few days ago, said that he attributed the decay of dramatic art in great measure to the social distinction now awarded to actors. He expressed the deliberate opinion that professional players to-day would be all the better if they were compelled to share the social ostracism which, only a few decades ago, was the fate of nearly all persons connected professionally with the stage. There is a great deal of truth in this assertion, although it was uttered half in jest. No one would wish to revive the ignorant and vulgar bigotry which accounted all contact with a 'play-actor' a disgrace, but there is no very good reason why a man should be held in special honor simply because he figures before the foot-lights. All that actors can fairly claim, or that true lovers and admirers of the stage would wish to claim for them, is their right to be considered members of the great confraternity of artists, and to share all the privileges, social or otherwise, invariably extended in a cultivated community to all persons proving themselves worthy of them by their conduct and achievements. There are many actors and actresses to-day who ought to be, and who are, ornaments of any society, and the fact is a source of congratulation to all haters of snobbery; but the growing disposition to make every successful theatrical performer the object of hero-worship is to be greatly deplored, because it tends evidently and inevitably to the degradation of the stage as an art. Everybody who has given any thought to the matter knows that the fictitious importance given to the sayings and doings of actors and actresses of even the tenth degree, either by managerial trickery or the penny-a-liners of the day, is supremely ridiculous. The vain little objects of all this puffery—the mere mouthers and amblers and jig-makers who are thus elevated into temporary prominence—are delighted, of course, and doubtless believe themselves to be the lights of the earth, never dreaming that all this exaltation is the sure precursor of coming humiliation. But the reaction is certain, nevertheless. The hope of easy notoriety and quick prosperity to be won by an elegant address, a charming face, an attractive figure, unlimited assurance, a rich wardrobe, a superficial acquaintance with the rudiments of the profession and judicious advertising is filling the theatres with incapables whose shallow pretences will bring the stage into utter contempt again whenever there is a revival of commonsense.

These reflections seem to be timely just now, when strenuous efforts are being made by two or three clever managers and a part of the press to raise certain performers to pinnacles of greatness which they have no right to occupy. The career of Miss Mary Anderson may be taken as an example. This young lady is in some respects an honor to the stage. Her character is unassailable, her ambition most praiseworthy, her physical qualifications for great achievement indisputable, and her knowledge of what is technically known

as 'stage business' considerable. When she first appeared in the metropolis, seven years ago, her cleverness, her beauty, her splendid voice, and her manifest intelligence, excited the highest expectations. It was believed by many that a great dramatic genius had arisen, and the critics and the public did homage. She began on the topmost rung of the ladder, and has floated on a flood-tide of prosperity every since; and yet she has made scarcely any advance in the way of artistic development. Her Rosalind is a great disappointment to many who wish her well. She did not fail completely, because of the charm of her personality, which has a peculiar witchery of its own. But the witchery is not that of Rosalind. With the inner self of the character—its warmth, its poetry, its subtlety and tenderness—she exhibited no sympathy. Her performance was for the most part mere mechanism, and not even mechanism of the highest order. It was like a piece of rather coarse carving in ivory, lovely to look at from a little distance, charming in its purity and general outline, but not sufficiently polished to bear the test of close inspection. Of imagination, originality, and definite or sustained conception, it was destitute. It was distinctly lacking in the sense of artistic proportion, and erred even in the matter of dress; for surely Ganymede ought not to be attired in materials so essentially feminine in color and quality. The credulity of Orlando in this case passes the extremest limits of fancy. But he was not the only man whose perceptions were blinded by the vision of beauty before him.

Why has not Miss Anderson fulfilled the promise of her youth? Is it because she is deficient in dramatic intelligence? or because the cruel and silly flattery of false friends has convinced her that improvement in her case is impossible? If the latter be the true reason, let her close her ears to adulation while there is yet time. The envious years will rob her, sooner or later, of the stately beauty and youthful charm to which she owes so much, and if in that day she has not the resources of art to supply the loss of natural gifts, the fabric of her fame will crumble into dust more rapidly than it has been reared. There is only one road to permanent success, and the foundation of it is hard work. The case of Miss Anderson is quoted simply for the sake of forcible illustration. She is, of course, immeasurably superior to the vast crowd of shallow pretenders who infest the stage. But her artistic experience has been of the butterfly order. Butterflies vary in brilliancy and value. They are all nipped when the frost comes.

Reviews

Dr. Farrar's Latest Book. *

IT is twenty years since the Assistant Master of Harrow published a little volume entitled 'The Fall of Man, and Other Sermons.' Many clergymen publish good sermons, and all the excellence of these particular discourses afforded no clear prophecy of a time when their author should be not only a most distinguished preacher, but a writer of wide and established fame. His reputation for vivid depiction and rhetorical fervor spread and strengthened, however, as other volumes came from his pen, marked by glowing religious emotion that was too firmly based in experience and knowledge not to be enduring, too sympathetic not to be catholic, and too brilliantly clothed not to attract. He had become known, also, as the author of some works of fiction and some on philological topics, but there was a sudden leap into commanding public notice when his 'Life of Christ' appeared in 1874. It combined, as no English treatment of the subject had ever done, a scholarship sufficient to claim respect, breadth and variety of illustration, picturesqueness of style, considerable dramatic energy, and great moral enthusiasm. The circulation of the book was

* The Messages of the Books. Being Discourses and Notes on the Books of the New Testament. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster; and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. \$3.50. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

extended and rapid, and it has taken an assured position among the classics of the subject. Dr. Farrar was not unknown in America before its issue, but since that time his audience here has been, to say the least, as large as his audience at home.

The volume before us is, at the moment of writing, the latest in a long series of books, exegetical, homiletical and dogmatic, which intervening years of steady educational and ecclesiastical preferment have not hindered him from publishing, and which aim to put the results of modern learning within the reach of all intelligent people. He is here the scholar in the pulpit. These accounts of the New Testament books were preached. It is fair to say that the subjects do not lend themselves with ease to pulpit effectiveness, and the limits of the sermon prevent them from being thorough treatments of critical problems. Whoever expects to find in them sustained oratory or spiritual elevation at its highest will be disappointed. But they are entitled to attention as lectures to thoughtful persons about the composition and individual significance of their most important sacred books. The views advocated are selected with conscientious judgment from among the opinions over which learned men are disputing, and are expressed in moderate and reasonable forms. The more elaborate discussions are thrown into notes. The style of the book is less ornate than Archdeacon Farrar's earlier books have led us to expect, but this accords with its purpose, which is to instruct rather than to inspire. A companion volume on the Old Testament books is promised, for which we bespeak in advance a profound interest, as exhibiting Dr. Farrar's learning and skill in a field which has peculiar difficulties, and one with which we have not yet learned to associate his name.

Michigan and Kansas.*

MR. SCUDDER has been fortunate in securing for his series of American Commonwealths so able a coadjutor as Judge Cooley (1). An accomplished lawyer, who nearly thirty years ago compiled the Laws of Michigan, and who has since held for many years the highest judicial office in the gift of his fellow-citizens, must obviously be well qualified to describe those changes of government and of institutions which, as his title-page suggests, form the main features in the history of his Commonwealth. The work has been performed with care and judgment. We trace with much interest in his pages the progress of settlement and growth, from the isolated trading-posts and mission stations of Michilimackinac and Detroit, struggling feebly for life in the Western wilderness, to the present populous and wealthy State. On certain much-discussed questions, as for example the surrender of Hull and the territorial dispute between Michigan and Ohio, the author's judicial experience and habit of thought enable him to give clear and impartial opinions, which will doubtless be accepted as decisive. The work is enlivened with personal sketches of noted historical characters, from Cadillac to General Cass, and with pleasant descriptions of the habits and ways of life of the early French and American settlers.

Though belonging to a conservative profession, the author's tendencies are evidently of the liberal and progressive cast. Of the election of judges by popular vote he remarks that 'those who note carefully the results have not perceived that the people have shown less inclination to be independent of party or of improper influence in the choice of judges than have been executive officers when vested with the appointing power.' On the vexed question of the coeducation of the sexes his testimony is equally decided. The Regents of the State University, he tells us, 'disregarding antiquated prejudices and the prophecies of evil with which ultra-conservatism was so ready, threw open the doors of every school

to women, and thereby offered to them every opportunity for liberal education which was placed within the reach of the other sex. This was a measure of justice, and its advocates soon had the satisfaction of knowing that none of the prophesied evils followed from it.' The author's disdain of the arts of rhetoric betrays him at times into rather slipshod English; but in general his style is clear, with plenty of pith and force, and occasional touches of humor. His work, as a whole, while it does not attempt to rival or displace the excellent Political History of his distinguished associate, Judge Campbell, must be ranked among the best historical compendiums that we possess.

The latest volume in the Commonwealths Series is one of the best (2). Kansas, young as it is, has a history, which is here told, in an interesting and just manner, by Prof. Spring of the State University. The test of Prof. Spring's historical ability is to be found in his treatment of John Brown's Pottawatomie massacre. This treatment is able and impartial, surpassing in every way Mr. F. B. Sanborn's attempted justification of midnight murders, in his recently published life of John Brown. Mr. Sanborn's defence would be equally applicable to Guiteau's 'removal' of Garfield, for Guiteau believed himself to be—as Mr. Sanborn says John Brown was—directly inspired by God. Prof. Spring says plainly that Brown was 'presumably pushed by the exigencies of the crisis into a condition of actual mania.' Elsewhere, however, Brown's good qualities receive their full due, and the whole record of the slavery struggle and the later development of the State is written with post-bellum fairness, and in the historical temper.

M. de Bacourt vs. American Society.*

THE United States, having passed through its periods of colonialism and boastful sensitiveness, is now prepared to read complacently any criticisms upon its social state. 'A certain condescension in foreigners,' concerning which Mr. Lowell so charmingly wrote, has given place, in the London press, to a habit of undue praise of some things American. It is clearly the time for us to enjoy such a charming volume as this collection of the letters of M. de Bacourt, monarchist, professional French diplomat in various courts, and minister at Washington in 1840-42. The collection was issued in Paris three years ago, partly to show what a dreadful place a republic is; but it is well worth its present translation, as a winsome, amusing and sometimes instructive contribution to that now antiquated literature of which Dickens' 'American Notes' and Mrs. Trollope's 'Domestic Manners of the Americans' are the best-known examples.

These letters cover the period between May, 1840, and July, 1842—a period when American society was cruder than at present, and more subject to dangerous tendencies, but more sentimental and self-sufficient. It was the 'hard cider' time—the very time when Dickens first saw and described us. Therefore, though M. de Bacourt warmly praises American scenery, natural advantages, and manly progress, and foresees the country's future, we find his subacid or vitriolic criticisms more entertaining than his compliments. New York had 'the air of a town sacrificed to trade: there is not a monument, or a well-built house, that is not spoiled by something narrow and of bad taste,' although it 'is not as puritanical as Boston.' American women are 'generally very pretty from sixteen to eighteen,' but 'soon lose their teeth, their color, and at twenty they look twice their age.' This is because of 'the extreme changes in the climate.' Society at Washington was shockingly crude, but Mr. Van Buren was 'a perfect imitation of a gentleman.' The White House was called 'Execution Mansion.' The 'villainous habit of chewing tobacco' was common to both Houses of Congress, the President only being exempt. Servants were insufficient at Washington din-

* 1. Michigan: A History of Governments. By Thomas McIntyre Cooley. 2. Kansas. By Prof. L. W. Spring. Each \$1.25. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Souvenirs of a Diplomat: Private Letters from America during the Administrations of Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler. From the French of the Chevalier de Bacourt. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

ners, which were 'pepper sauces seasoned with a thousand American perfumes and an atrocious heat.' A coachman borrowed M. de Bacourt's umbrella, a 'characteristic trait, which will give you some idea of the people with whom I have the pleasure of living.' Another characteristic trait was that the Americans, aware of the danger of robbery, 'have their pockets made to open from the inside.' Webster was 'pompous to the last degree,' a 'pretentious bore,' who by a 'contraband dignity' concealed his 'sad mediocrity.' But the author, like the House of Representatives, left John Quincy Adams 'to the remorse of his conscience,' after he presented a Massachusetts anti-slavery petition (from a village), urging the dissolution of the Union.

We cannot take space to quote what M. de Bacourt says of Hartford, whose 'university is celebrated'; of 'Brooklyn,' the suburb of Boston; of Cambridge, the seat of 'the University, which is called *Howard College*, a Mr. Howard having been the founder; of Boston, which he liked pretty well; or of Philadelphia, which he (like Matthew Arnold, who specially praised Philadelphia and Portland) preferred to any other American city. His repeated solution of the problem lay in his declaration that America and Americans were 'English of second and third rate; and to our English People in its Third Home,' as Dr. Edward A. Freeman says, we commend this entertaining diary of a first-rate Frenchman.

Two Handbooks for Art Students.*

THE distinguishing characteristic of these excellent little books is the soundness of the art-principles upheld in them. Another marked quality is their modernness. The technical methods expounded in them are those which are taught by the most advanced painters of New York, and which have been transplanted from the leading studios of Paris and Munich. Mr. Fowler's personal bias, as indicated by his remarks in these volumes, is towards robust contemporary French art. Within a very small compass, he succeeds in giving a complete exposition of the theoretical and applied principles of the school to which he belongs. A student who follows, step by step, the practical instructions given in the book on oil-painting (1) enjoys the advantages of one who works under a good teacher, and it only rests with himself to lay the foundations of an excellent technical method and an effective personal style. Mr. Fowler does not neglect the minutest mechanical detail of oil-painting. He gives trustworthy advice concerning the material necessary for a painter's outfit, telling him precisely what colors to use and what kind of an easel, palette, or scraper to buy. He devotes paragraphs to oils, siccatives and varnishes, and discusses the merits of the different canvases offered by dealers in art-materials. How to arrange the light in the studio, how to set the palette, how to mix colors and how to outline the subject on the canvas, are matters treated here simply but thoroughly. When the author reaches the technics of painting, he handles his theme broadly and clearly. He advocates still-life subjects for beginners in oil-painting, in preference to the human head or figure, and gives good examples of compositions of that class as suggestions to the student. An important detail, seldom found in handbooks of painting, consists in the explicit directions for combining the colors with which individual objects are rendered. The conciseness of Mr. Fowler's method of instruction is illustrated by the half-page devoted to values, in which the technical definition of the term, its theoretical meaning and its practical application in a given instance, are all clearly presented. The second part of the book is devoted chiefly to portrait painting. Two chapters only are given to marine, landscape and flower-painting. The chapters on portrait-painting abound in valuable suggestions which might be pondered with advantage by professional portrait-painters.

The principles governing the arrangement of accessories, if a trifle arbitrary, are yet based on artistic truths. The list of definitions of art terms is good as far as it goes.

Mr. Fowler has done some missionary work in his book on charcoal and crayon drawing (2). This really beautiful medium is not fully appreciated in this country; except in the most advanced art-schools its manipulation is very crude. Even intelligent students are apt to regard it only as a stepping-stone to oil-painting, and the average American crayon portrait may be termed a national eyesore. The first part of this book treats of simple practice in form and the use of the medium, while the second part considers crayon portraiture, landscapes and the higher aspects of charcoal technics. Some excellent studies by the author accompany the book.

Craddock's "Prophet" and Roe's "Original Belle."*

FOR a story exceptionally strong and fine in each of its separate chapters, 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain' exhibits strangely, in its general effect, the haziness peculiar to fiction nowadays. It is one of the hardest of stories to pick out the plot from. The most devoted reader will find it difficult to give a clear general idea of what it is all about; nor does one put it down with any very distinct materialization before his eyes of the Prophet himself. Even his tragic end dwells less forcibly in the mind than certain of the scenes set in quiet meadows or homely kitchens. But, as is not unusual in novels of this kind, the detail is perfect; each separate chapter is a delight, quite apart from its bearing on the whole; strong with powerful incident, or amusing with quaint bits of character, or beautiful with exquisite effects in landscape. Nothing could be finer than the scene between Dorinda and her lover, as she sat spinning in the firelight; though perhaps really the most delightful chapter is the first, when the womenfolk ingeniously delay the sheriff and his party with a good dinner, and when Dorinda, accused of having harbored the fugitive, remarks with satire: 'Pears like ter me ez we hev gin aid an' comfort ter the off'cer of the law, ez well ez we could.' It is the secret of Miss Murfree's power that she is sympathetic. Her success in these wonderful pictures of low life under certain conditions, comes from the fact that they are not only pictures. They are not mere clever, photographic reproductions of a certain state of society. Neither are they social studies with a 'purpose.' They are wonderful pictures, and they serve a purpose; but they are beautiful with the sympathetic insight which makes us interested in the characters of the story, not because they are strange people so unlike ourselves, but because after all they are strange people so like ourselves.

Mr. E. P. Roe's novels can almost dispense with criticism in view of their exceptional popularity. The critic who cannot always see in them what he would have prescribed as true to nature or to the canons of art, can at least be grateful that work so popular, so 'available,' should at least be innocent of harm and written from an honest desire to elevate the world's ideals. 'An Original Belle' exhibits all Mr. Roe's well-known qualities as a novelist. It is not thrillingly exciting, nor profoundly interesting, nor in any way artistic; but it will be read, we understand, by 25,000 purchasers at the very least. In the face of this great fact, one can be glad of the excellent moral on the surface, taught by a young girl who, finding herself something of a belle, resolves to use her power for good in rousing young men to heroic deeds and noble thoughts. This is very well as far as it goes; but like all Mr. Roe's truly moral purposes, it fails to reach the highest standpoint. Young men must have something to spur them to right thought and action besides the desire to marry a young lady who simply will not have them if they are not noble. To Dr. Holmes there is

* 1. Oil Painting. \$1.50. 2. Drawing in Charcoal and Crayon. \$2.50. Handbooks for the Use of Students and Schools. By Frank Fowler. New York: Cassell & Co.

* 1. The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. An Original Belle. By E. P. Roe. \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

something painful even in the religious phrase 'for Christ's sake,' as an impulse to do good; how much less creditable as a motive the 'For *her* sake!' with which Mr. Roe's latest heroes plunge into battle, or give a cup of cold water to one athirst! The innate priggishness and conscious vanity of a young girl who can deliberately say, 'Yes, I am a belle; I will be a good belle,' is far from pleasing. Mr. Roe has worked into his story many incidents of the Civil War, and of the New York riots of that time.

Dr. Newton's "Philistinism."*

THIS volume of sermons is in some important respects the most interesting which Dr. Newton has published. In its independence, its fearlessness, and its unconventionality, it is like the others; it shows, as they do, a strong desire to keep the forms of Christian thought and activity in close contact with the human life of this generation. But its topics are more varied, and the treatment of them is broader. A comparison with 'The Book of the Beginnings,' in particular, shows not only a great superiority in rhetorical power, which the difference of subjects would account for in part, but also a firmer grasp, a better command of his themes. The tone of the sermons is also decidedly constructive—though, indeed, the author has never posed as a mere iconoclast. On the other hand, it must be admitted that defects are present with which we have already grown somewhat familiar—an insistence on antagonisms in Christian opinion which do not exist, or do not exist in the degree represented; conversely, a failure to distinguish things that differ; an air of confidence, at times, which Dr. Newton's more conservative brethren might term arrogant; an occasional disposition to rest in a solution of difficulties by which the difficulties are not in fact solved. But if the author of these sermons does not show himself to be a great theologian nor always a sympathetic interpreter, he does clearly appear as a thoughtful man, seeking to understand the currents of his time, and as a conscientious, earnest and skilful preacher, seeking so to lead those currents that they may fructify and not devastate. To this end he endeavors to separate Christianity from what he considers its dogmatic excrescences, but to show, at the same time, how doctrinal forms which he cannot accept embody vital truths, and to guide his hearers and readers in discriminating the truth from the awkward or repulsive form of dogma with which it is often identified. It is these truths which he then exhibits as impregnable secure against the attacks of the 'Philistines'—whose leader, though unnamed, is of course Mr. Ingersoll. The large part of the book in which he gives a positive exposition of these truths, as he conceives of them, is the most fresh and suggestive portion of it.

Some Recent Text-Books.

PART I. of Practical Work in the Schoolroom, on 'The Human Body' (A. Lovell & Co.), is a disappointment. It is announced as composed of object lessons, but there is certainly little in its method to suggest an object lesson. It is, on the contrary, a regular manual of question and answer, and as the whole seems an ingenious excuse for dwelling less upon the body than upon the evil effects of alcoholic drinks, the answers are largely framed, not as direct statements of absolute facts, but as statements of what the teacher believes to be facts which he intends the pupil to accept without demur; much in the manner of those catechisms which inquire, 'What are you?' and dictate the reply, 'I am a sinful creature.' The strictly physiological portions are arranged for a dull routine of dictated replies, and the alcoholic portions are not of the kind to influence the learner in the least. Half as much time spent in teaching what is good for the body would be worth very

much more than so much labor in insisting that alcohol is bad. The most inveterate drunkard knows that alcohol is bad for him. Appetite must be controlled by something besides statistics. If one could be sure of educating to wise temperance every little child who was informed sufficiently early in life that he had better not learn to care for alcoholic stimulants, as their effect would be to 'overwork the perspiratory pores,' then indeed we might be pleased with such text-books as these; but not until then.

EXCELLENCE in school texts is now the order of the day. Once a good text is selected, such as Nipperdey's (on which the present edition is based), intelligent commentary begins to follow almost as a matter of course. Indeed, the school texts nowadays are almost too abundantly overlaid with comment, so that students are bewildered by the mass of illuminating material deemed necessary to the adequate illustration of even a hundred-times-edited text like Cæsar. The well-known edition of this author's Gallic War (seven books) by Alden and Greenough has just undergone a comprehensive revision at the hands of Mr. H. P. Judson, of Troy, who has furnished it with copious notes and dissertations, fully illustrated, on Cæsar's Gallic campaigns and the Roman military art. The notes of the earlier portion have been largely revised and rewritten, and Gildersleeve's and Harkness's grammars are now included in the grammatical references. Illustrations, diagrams, and battle-plans, from trustworthy sources, enhance on the graphic side the value of the greatest military history ever written. Professor J. B. Greenough furnishes a special vocabulary to these seven books. The student of Cæsar will find the difficulties of his author reduced to a minimum in this edition. (\$1.35. Ginn & Co.).

'THE Student's Manual of Exercises for translating into German, by A. Lodeman, A.M., (Putnam's) is intended for use with Brandt's German Grammar and is an excellent book of its kind. It will be remembered that Brandt's Grammar wisely gives examples from the German classics in illustration of its rules, and that again it wisely does not insist on the pupil's committing to memory too many rules, trusting to observation in reading and to practice in such exercises as Lodeman's for all necessary knowledge of the kind.—'SIMPLE LESSONS for Home Use'—four excellent little pamphlets which have been very popular in England—are issued here by Thomas Whittaker. They are well worthy of attention. They are brief lessons on all sorts of subjects—birds, flowers, money, astronomy, the weather, cookery, clothing, food, physiology, etc., prepared by different authors, and all showing the right idea of a picturesque presentation of facts to attract the youthful mind.—GINN & Co. publish another of Miss Stickney's excellent text-books for children; this time a neat little primer, on the sentence and phonic methods for teaching sight reading.

TEACHERS who have used Prof. W. D. Whitney's larger German Grammar will rejoice to know that he has compiled from it a compendious manual designed for the use of junior students and beginners. (75 cents. Henry Holt & Co.) This 'Brief German Grammar' contains all the essentials of the larger work, together with working exercises based on the rules given. There are copious references to the larger work which will facilitate the transition from one to the other, and simultaneously enable the student to refer to the fuller statements and explanations found in the unabridged book. An experience of years with the latter has satisfied us that there is no better German Grammar—that it is the best, indeed; and this simplified re-statement of it, in abridged form, is the very thing that has for a long time been eagerly desired by teachers and home-students of German.

* Philistinism: Plain Words Concerning Certain Forms of Modern Scepticism. By R. Heber Newton. \$1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Charles Dickens as a Poet.*

It will doubtless be 'news' to most people that Charles Dickens, the supreme humorist, was a poet no less than a writer of great and vivid prose. The fairy-godmother who stood sponsor at his birth lavished on him all the gifts of the gods—wit, wisdom, pathos, dramatic instinct, power over language, histrionic power on the stage, everything in short, people thought, except—poetry. But here is the daintiest parchment volume, white as a bridal veil, containing about 140 pages of rhymes left by the celebrated novelist! Such a discovery would have formed the delight of the elder Disraeli and added a new chapter to the 'Curiosities of Literature.' We knew that Macaulay had written splendid ballads and lays; that Thackeray was a delightful and tender poet; that Ruskin had smuggled a small, surreptitious, but precious volume of 'poems' into unpretentious publicity; and that Carlyle had made noble and poetic translations from the German. But that Pickwick—'immortal P.'—had ever indulged in verse, even on the sly or behind the door, was a genuine shock and surprise. Opening the book sympathetically, we find the pretty 'Ivy Green' and the far-famed 'Christmas Carol,' 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman' and 'The Hymn of the Wiltshire Laborers,' all touching or stirring or humorous rhymes, occasioned by different events in the novelist's life. Though many of the poems ride roughshod over all the rules of metre and rhyme, showing an essentially defective ear so far as 'poetry,' technically so called, is concerned, others flow on with a true harmony and music, and recall less obviously the famous blank-verse throb which R. H. Hutton once pointed out as characteristic of the scenes describing the death of Little Nell in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' A number of the songs in the book are humorous, satirical, and sentimental, written chiefly in the early part of the novelist's career and scattered through his earlier dramatic pieces. Several were illumined if not illustrated by the inimitable nonsense of George Cruikshank—nonsense clothed in those suggestive zig-zag lines by which, as by magic, the artist 'falmin'd o'er Greece' and set England all agog, prior to his temperance craze. It is not possible, from anything in the present edition, to tell who the collector and editor of it is. There is an unsigned preface followed by a few notes and the text of the poems, delicately and alluringly printed. Dickens probably would not have cared to have this 'rack of Old Time' snatched from the sea of oblivion; but as the wreckers have been at work and have secured the spoil, one cannot be ungrateful.

Minor Notices

THE 'Old South Street Meeting-House Prize Essay' for 1881, written by H. L. Southwick, of the Dorchester High School, appears in 1885 under the title: 'The Policy of the Early Colonists of Massachusetts towards Quakers and Others whom They Regarded as Intruders.' The idea thus promulgated by an ancient historic church for the stimulation of historical studies among boys and girls is a capital one. The love of history is in this way ingeniously awakened, attention is concentrated upon local matters, and the competitive instinct is quickened and kept alive by an adequate compensation in money as well as in reputation. History begins in village eddies and town-talk of this sort, and expands in ever-widening circles till it embraces states and commonwealths, circle linked to circle like a piece of chain-mail.—'INFLUENCE of the Proprietors in Founding the State of New Jersey,' by Dr. Austin Scott, Professor of History in Rutgers College, is the title of the last issue of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science—a thin pamphlet discussing more particularly the principle of 'federal republicanism' which for the first time embodied in an American State one of the great

thoughts of Montesquieu. This series of monographs on the different States and the many points of difference between them brings out the historical and constitutional dialect, so to speak, which each State began to use from the very beginning. The historian no less than the romance-writer is beginning to feel the subtle yet distinct lines of demarcation which separate the American provinces into individualized wholes.

THE Chautauqua Town and Country Club is a branch of the Chautauqua University, formed somewhat on the plan of the Society for Study at Home, and devoted to the practical study of plants and animals, horticulture and agriculture. It is part of the plan for the Club to issue works prepared especially for the wants of its members, and the first of these books, 'Talks about the Weather,' by Charles Barnard, has just come to us from the Chautauqua Press at Boston. It is calculated to be of wide interest and use to many readers not belonging to the Club, inculcating as it does the consciousness that is at the very foundation of the best educational methods—namely, that 'to observe is to become cultivated, to be educated.'

OSCAR FAY ADAMS'S two Brief Handbooks—one of American, the other of English Authors—have appeared in a second edition. (75 cents each. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Valuable as these volumes were before, they are almost doubly valuable now; for, besides being carefully revised, the number of names in the English volume has been increased by eighty-six, and in the American by a hundred and eighty-six. Many of the names omitted from the first edition and added to this were such as could not readily be spared from either; others are those of young writers who have become entitled to admission to the bead-roll of English and American authors only since the original appearance of these handy little books. We hope to see many new editions of Mr. Adams's modest opuscles.—ORLIN MEAD SANDFORD, of this city, has put through the press of Henry M. Tobitt an annotated catalogue of his collection of the Works of Thomas Taylor, the Platonist. The collection comprises sixty-two volumes, including numerous autographic and presentation copies, and is, Mr. Sandford has reason to believe, the most complete and interesting in the country. There are six volumes here which were not to be found in the British Museum's set of Taylor's Works in 1866.

FRENCH students will find excellent reading in two new issues of W. R. Jenkins's *Théâtre Contemporain* and *Contes Choisis*: viz., 'Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie,' by Edouard Pailleron, and 'Idylles,' by Henry Gréville. The former is one of the brightest comedies of the modern French theatre, abounding in clever sketches of Parisian society; the latter contains six short stories by a well-known romancer, each not much longer than a 'character' of Theophrastus or La Bruyère. Fourteen numbers of the *Théâtre Contemporain* are ready, or very nearly ready, while the 'Idylles' constitutes the sixth issue of the *Contes Choisis*. Both undertakings are well deserving of an extensive patronage.—'BOY TRAVELERS IN ARABIA,' by Daniel Wise, D.D., (Phillips & Hunt) suggests a revival of the ever-amiable Rollo. It is a book compiled from other books, and has not therefore the zest of personal adventure or anecdote; but the author has made a praiseworthy effort to simplify for young readers the interesting facts given in Lady Blunt's account of her journey across the Syrian Desert, and in the descriptions of Layard, Ridgway and others, to whom he frankly gives the credit due. It is unfortunate that a name should have been given to the book which suggests Col. Knox's excellent series of books for boys.

* The Complete Poems of Charles Dickens. \$1.00. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

Ezekiel, the Sculptor.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

For the last twelve years or so there has been residing at Rome a young American sculptor, who has been doing such good, original and efficient work, that it has come to be a matter of surprise why he is not better known in his own country. All Americans who go to Rome, with any love of, or taste for art, are sure to visit the quite princely studio of Ezekiel, near the Piazz di Termini. It is a lofty apartment, redeemed from some of the old Roman ruins, and fitted up in a style that makes it look like a *salon* of the Middle Ages—torsos of Greek and Roman workmanship, antique bits of statuary, ancient carved furniture, smoke-stained paintings, bits of antique tapestry, old bronzes and brasses, and a thousand other things that would make the heart of an antiquarian leap for joy.

In this quaint *atelier*, Ezekiel has been working these dozen years, and has produced some of the finest things that have come from an American chisel. His first quality is that of originality, surely one of the finest that an artist can possess. Among his *confrères*, he is sometimes thought to be a bold innovator; but I have heard him state at length, in his own impassioned and eloquent way, his ideas of art; and I must say he has impressed me strongly with his supreme American good sense. He is disposed to break through the mere traditions and conventionalities of art; and this sometimes causes him to be criticised in certain quarters. He has been a very busy artist, and has accomplished a great deal of work, but scarcely any of it has come to his own country. There is a *bas-relievo* of his in a villa near Berlin, which is most exquisite in conception and execution. It is called 'Consolation,' and represents Venus soothing Cupid for the mishap of his broken bow. Nothing can be more deliciously wrought than the Venus; and I verily believe that nothing in the way of child-statuary has been conceived in modern times, more beautiful than the little sobbing Cupid. Another *bas-relievo* is the group of 'Pan and the Amorette.' I wish I had space to describe it; it is so altogether captivating. One of Ezekiel's most ambitious efforts is his 'Eve Hearing the Voice'—a splendid nude figure, wholly different from any Eve of sculpture or painting which I have ever seen. I believe it has not been put into marble, but is awaiting the commission of some Vanderbilt or Gould, whose galleries it ought to adorn. His statues of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Albrecht Durer, are bold and effective. I have before me large photographs of some of his 'Studies.' One of them is a sitting figure of Prince Bismarck, in which every line, from the shut fist to the firmly crossed legs, is instinct with the resolution of the man. Another is a study of Spinoza, in which you have all the dreamy intensity of the author of the 'Ethics.'

Ezekiel is remarkable for the perfection of his portrait busts. He made one of Liszt three or four years ago, which won from a Roman Cardinal (said to be the best judge of art in the Holy City) most unqualified praise; and some of these busts have taken prizes at the Paris Salon. It has been a matter of grave surprise, that when the commission for the statue of John C. Calhoun was given, it should have been awarded to a little known artist, who had no interest in the Southern statesman. We doubt if the South has ever given a commission to this son of hers; for although Ezekiel has long been a cosmopolitan, he was born and educated in Virginia. True it is that the South has but little money to expend on art; but this son would not be offended if, when he asked bread of her, she should offer him a stone on which to carve. At present, Ezekiel has some very ambitious models in his studio. An American tourist, who has lately been in Rome, describes, in one of our widely circulated journals, his statue of David, just complete. 'The youth is shown stepping forward, and bearing with his left hand the head of the giant and other trophies from his prostrate

foe. The face looks heavenward in the act of sending up thanks to the overruling power which furnishes him skill and strength to obtain the victory, and is in agreeable contrast to the triumphant expression originally given to this character. The work is a vigorous one, original in its conception and treatment, and worthy of the high position already attained by the sculptor.' Another is a Judith showing a head of a rare type of female loveliness. Ezekiel himself is a man of uncommon personal attractions: his own head might serve as a model for an Adonis. He is about thirty-eight years old, and in the very heyday of his powers.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In the October Fields.

I.

THE bright-robed Days sit now at feast, and sup
From golden service heaped with fruits divine.
The waning Year drains from October's cup
The melancholy cheer of Autumn's wine.

II.

A ruddier tide fills now the tingling veins
And life takes on a sturdier-hearted tone.
Care's hungering grasp the mounting soul disdains,
And scorns to count the sorrows she hath known:
What matters it if Summer's birds have flown,
And rustling leaves drift on the upland plains?
Though Nature's wide arms bear her precious grains
To fragrant hidden garner of her own,
Yet what her lavish lap hath spilled remains,
For careful gleanings is to her unknown.
From her full hand her ripened seeds are thrown
On springing fields late-freshened from the rains,
And Hope's clear bugle on the hills is blown
By comely lips made moist with fruity-stains.

III.

Shall we be found less generous to our souls
Than are the Seasons to the patient Earth?
Shall we yet choose to drift in mental shoals
Where weak-winged fancies only find a birth?

IV.

Shall we be found more niggard of our store
Than are the flame-crowned princes of the wood,
While at our heart's inhospitable door
A brother faints for some witholden good?

V.

The richest gifts of Nature kept unshared
Become but poverty; goods unbestowed,
Like fruits ungathered, shrivel into blight
Which mars the soul's new blossoming; the road
Of excellence was by some god prepared
So that no souls might win the glorious height
Save those unweighed by that hindering load.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

The Lounger

PEOPLE who reproach the *Herald* with not being sufficiently literary in character may be reminded that each of the three leading editors of that paper is either an author or has literary affiliations. Mr. Nordhoff's guide-book to California has obtained an extensive sale through the energy of the railway company for whom it was written. His theological treatises and political primers have found favor among politicians and general readers. Dr. Hepworth is the author of a novel with the eccentric title '???''. The paragraphs made jokes about it on its appearance, and the clerical course of its writer had made him so many enemies that it was quickly and very unfairly laughed out of existence. Mr. White's grand-uncle, Gerald Griffin, known to fame as the author of 'The Collegians,' adapted by Mr. Boucicault as 'The Colleen Bawn,' was a writer of high aspirations and fine inventive faculties. An Irish peasant by birth, he had a deep sympathy with the people whose joys

and sorrows he described. Coming penniless to London he had a great struggle with fortune; and it was only by the merest accident that Macready accepted his tragedy of 'Gissipus.' Mr. White's Irish lineage will serve him in good stead now that the *Herald* is taking sides with Mr. Parnell and espousing the Nationalist cause.

MR. FROST's illustrations of 'Rudder Grange' have given a new lease of life to Mr. Stockton's inimitable story. The old edition of the book was given to Mr. Frost, and he was told to illustrate it as the spirit moved. The story tickled his fancy and he gave it rein. The result is a most happy combination of author and artist. There is scarcely a page without a picture, and I am not at all disappointed in the artist's interpretation of the faces of charming Euphemia, delightful Pomona, and the suggestive boarder. Mr. Frost, by the way, has used his wife as his model for Euphemia, and himself as his model for the amiable husband. He does not show the face of the latter, however. In every picture the back is turned, or the face hidden behind the flowing draperies of Euphemia.

WE are to be given a portrait of Mr. Stockton in an early number of the *Book Buyer*. It is taken from a recent photograph, and will be engraved by Kruell. Mr. Stockton has thousands of readers, all of whom will be delighted to know how he looks. They will find that he is very dark, with rather long black hair and keen hazel eyes. There is a twinkling humor in the eyes that betrays the creator of Pomona and the author of 'Negative Gravity.'

THE forthcoming number of *St. Nicholas* will appear in a new cover designed by that clever draughtsman, Sidney S. Smith. The design is very pretty but the color is hideous. Between ourselves I don't see why *St. Nicholas* should be given a new cover. The old one, designed by Walter Crane, was certainly appropriate and pretty, and we had become familiar with it as part of *St. Nicholas*. This makes the third cover *St. Nicholas* has had in the few years of its existence. I think this constant changing a great mistake, and can much more readily appreciate the spirit that makes *Harper's Magazine* cling to its old cover, meaningless as is the design, than that which dictates such constant changes. The cover of a magazine is like the face of a friend, and we should not like our friends' faces to change, even for the better, every few years. Yet that would be a more natural wish, for faces must alter more or less with time, and may alter for the worse, while the cover of a magazine may easily remain the same. I am sure there will be many of *St. Nick's* readers who would rather have kept to the old cover, pretty though the new one be.

JOSH BILLINGS'S bad spelling blinded me to his wit and wisdom for many years, but one day I heard him deliver a lecture, and at last realized his wonderful power as a humorist. Winnow his sayings, fan away the orthographical chaff, and you get grains of commonsense that you may search for in vain in the writings of many more dignified and pretentious philosophers. He was a man of the people, but wiser than the people—though the people were wise enough to recognize his superiority to themselves. It will surprise many readers to learn that Henry W. Shaw was the Uncle Esek of *The Century's* Bric-à-Brac, the *nom-de-plume* Josh Billings not appearing in that magazine in consequence of an old understanding between Mr. Shaw and the publisher of *The New York Weekly*.

MR. GEORGE MOORE is an English novelist who has lived long in Paris in the intimacy of the little set of the naturalistic novelists. He has collaborated with M. Paul Alexis in a little play to be done next season at the Odéon, and a French translation of his novel, 'A Mummer's Wife,' is to appear shortly with a preface by M. Zola. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if Mr. Moore has caught from his French friends certain ways of looking at life which would shock the average Englishman; nor is it surprising that Mr. Mudie and Mr. Smith, who have taken all British literature under their tender care, should have refused to allow Mr. Moore's 'Mummer's Wife' or his 'Modern Lover' to enter the chaste precincts of the circulating libraries over which they preside. But as they together control the sale of an English novel, Mr. Moore naturally feels aggrieved, and in an aggressive little pamphlet, 'Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals,' he has attacked the Mudie-Smith censorship of literature and exposed its inconsistency by reprinting the worst passages of his own book, side by side with the shameless passages of 'Nadine' and 'A Romance of the Nineteenth Century'—two

books which Messrs. Mudie and Smith circulate without objection.

The Glasgow Ballad Club.

[Robert Buchanan, in *The Academy*.]

AFTER this, let immortal Paisley, the city of twenty thousand weavers, every one of whom is a poet, yield up the laurel to her smoky sister, Glasgow! Here, in this literary pie of singing blackbirds, is a wonderful sample of what the Glasgow Muse can do. Here are a round dozen full-fledged local poets, with not one callow cheeper among them, forming the daintiest of dishes to set before St. Mungo the King. And these are only a few singers out of an immense musical choir! Well may we exclaim, with the Dominie, 'Prodigious!'

Seriously, a quite remarkable little book, edited with great cunning, so as to show the local song-loving circle at its best. There is really no mistake about its literary quality, and though few of the pieces read like inspirations, none of them sink to the level of the poetaster. The writers are, for the most part, 'newspaper men.' Stoddart is the editor of the *Glasgow Daily Herald*, Freeland occupies an important post on the same journal, Canton edits the *Weekly Herald*, and the other members of the ballad club are, I believe, closely connected with journalism. It is positively refreshing, in these antipoetical days, to find a nest of toilers amusing itself so innocently under the wings of the merry Muses; touching harmless notes of tenderness and pathos, and quite unaffected by the predominant literary vices of the period. The keynote of the whole business is sounded in William Freeland's delightful verses on 'The Peeseweeep Inn,' which narrate how the balladists meet from time to time o'er the moor among the heather, and fleet the time carelessly, with whiskey, oat-meal bannocks, and scraps of song. Freeland is, in fact, the king of the little company. Many of my readers will remember him as the faithful friend who stood by the sick-bed of David Gray. A year or two ago he published his first and only volume of verse, 'A Birth-Song, and Other Poems;' a book strong, simple, and true, which met, I fear, with but scant appreciation from the world, yet pleased the leal lover of song with sundry pieces which passed right on into literature. No one can become acquainted with Freeland's poems without loving the man, and admiring his sweet yet sentimental style, in which every word hits the mark, and not a syllable is thrown in for the sake of mere ornamentation. His 'Birth-Song' is a lovely piece of work; soft as summer wind and innocent as a naked baby. In several of his contributions to the present volume he is seen at his very best. What can be better in its way, for instance, than this closely wrought bit of 'morality,' worthy of Sir Henry Wotton?

A FALLING BLOW.

The blow is falling! Let it fall,—
Even death were no calamity:
God wot, why should we whine or call?
It cannot hurt our souls at all,
Since we are free.

A little less of earthly things,
Less favor of the world have we:
What then, proud man? The rede still rings—
'Tis not the crown that maketh kings,
But being free.

Then let the blow fall! What if it
Should lay us prone, both you and me?
O Lord of wings, give us the wit
To soar heaven-high, though low we sit,
Content and free.

To toil, to suffer, live unknown,—
What matter, if brave men we be?
Why, we can live and make no moan,
And, dying, feel the grave a throne,
Divinely free.

And here is a song with a refrain which haunts the memory like soft chimes heard over a green upland dell:

THE RING.

O blythesome ring, O winsome ring,
That Willie gied to me,
As down thy glen, dear Monymore,
We wandered to the sea.
For we had come by Drumodune,
The rills o' Toranree,
That croon amang the green breckan
And the blaeberry.

And saft and couthie were the words
He coo'd into my ear,
Like wafts o' heavenly wind that blaw
When nane but love can hear.
And sweet and sweeter grew the kiss
For miles he gied to me,
As we gaed through the green breckan
And the blaeberric.

Then in the Glen o' Monymore,
Where the brown waters sing,
He took my hand, and fondly bound
My finger wi' a ring.
O bonnie ring, O faithfu' ring,
O ring that trysted me,
As we gaed through the green breckan
And the blaeberric!

I wear the ring, my Willie's ring;
It clasps me like his arms;
His heart beats in it warm and sweet,
And keeps my life frae harms.
And still it shines, and sae I ken
That he'll come hame to me,
And kiss me 'mang the green breckan
And the blaeberric.

More effluence and verbal facility, more of the tricks of modern style, are to be found in the contributions of William Canton, a young poet whose fine poem, 'Through the Ages' (reprinted here), won, some few years ago, an enthusiastic article from the editor of the *Examiner*. Canton has a larger reach, if a less self-contained manner, than his friend Freeland; he is more conscious of literary form, and more susceptible to meretricious influences; but he is a lively and a vigorous singer for all that, and climbs now and then far higher than any of his compeers. His 'Kozma the Smith' is a first-rate performance, at once pathetic and picturesque. I note, moreover, as a sample of this writer's cunning in workmanship, the pretty verses to 'The Robin,' where unrhymed stanzas are so cleverly woven together as quite to disguise at a first reading the fact that rhyme is absent—

THE ROBIN.

When ice is black upon the pond,
And woods and lanes are choked with snow
The robin flutters in!
The little maids, with wide glad eyes,
Stand spellbound, lest a breath or sign
Shall scare him from his crumbs.

Oft when the fire is keen with frost,
And blinds are drawn and candles lit—
(O robin, flutter in!)
They sit around the cosie hearth,
And hear with wondering love and awe,
How robin's breast grew red.

Fond little maids! each fancies now
That somewhere in the great white snow—
(O robin, flutter in!)
That somewhere, lost in wastes of snow,
An icy cross forsaken stands,
And Christ hangs pale and dead!

A childish fancy! Be it so,
And let me ever be a child,
With robin fluttering in,
Than grow into the man who sees
In wintry wastes of unbelief
A phantom cross and Christ.

Strong, simple, and manly are the contributions of Mr. Stoddart; naively quaint and humorous his stanzas about the Devil. He is the author of an anonymous poem published a short while ago, and entitled 'The Village Life,' the happy touches of character and frank simplicity in which would have delighted Thomas Aird. Among those who sing habitually in the good broad Doric, David Wingate is pre-eminent; his manner pleasantly recalls 'Whistle-Binkie,' that charming collection of the minor minstrelsy of the Scottish Lowlands; but quite as good as any thing of the sort in the present collection is, despite certain verbal infelicities, William Allan's bright little brooklet of melody, 'The Burn,'

THE BURN.

Dreepin', creepin'
Frae the hills;
Joinin', twinin'
Into rills;

Loupin', coupin'
Owre the linn;
Purlin', curlin'
'Mang the whins;
Lauchin', daffin',
Dimplin', wimplin',
Tumblin', wumblin',
Rattlin', prattlin'
Wi' a bairnie's glee.

Meetin', greetin'
Ither streams;
Swellin', tellin'
Lovers' dreams.
Hissin', kissin',
Fu' o' pranks;
Toddlin', cuddlin'
'Tween the banks;
'Twirlin', swirlin',
Glancin', dancin',
Blinkin', jinkin',
Ringin', singin',
Wanton, blythe, an' free.

Roamin', foamin'
On its way;
Turnin', spurnin'
Bank and brae;
Length'nin', strength'nin'
Prood an' bauld,
Ripplin', cripplin',
Growin' auld;
Nearin', fearin',
Ocean hearin',
Sighin', dyin',
Ever lyin'
In the silent sea.

Even after my *ad captandum* quotations, no one will require to be told that the book contains, not merely clever verses, but absolute poetry. As I write, I see that it is described contemptuously in a contemporary (the critical vagaries of which are past praying for) as a collection of poetical essays by Scottish antiquarians! I can imagine how such a description will amuse the genial ballad-singers, when they next gather to compare notes at the Peesewep Inn; for in truth, the only 'antiquarian' quality about their work is its simple manliness, heartiness, and independence of silly and ephemeral modern fashions. The Glasgow ballad-book is an honor to Glasgow, and well worthy of the district which has long been famous as a nesting-place of sweet and kindly singers.

Dr. Johnson.*

[A. Birrell, author of 'Obiter Dicta,' in *The Contemporary Review*.]

As a political thinker Johnson has not had justice. He has been lightly dismissed as the last of the old-world Tories. He was nothing of the sort. His cast of political thought is shared by thousands to this day. He represents that vast army of electors whom neither canvasser nor caucus has ever yet cajoled or bullied into a polling-booth. Newspapers may scold—platforms may shake—whatever circulars can do may be done, all that placards can tell may be told; but the fact remains that one third of every constituency in the realm shares Dr. Johnson's 'narcotic indifference' and stays away.

It is of course impossible to reconcile all Johnson's recorded utterances with any one view of anything. When crossed in conversation or goaded by folly he was, like the prophet Habakkuk (according to Voltaire), *capable du tout*. But his dominant tone about politics was something of this sort. Provided a man lived in a state which guaranteed him private liberty and secured him public order, he was very much of a knave or altogether a fool if he troubled himself further. To go to bed when you wish, to get up when you like, to eat and drink and read what you choose, to say across your port or your tea whatever occurs to you at the moment, and to earn your living as best you may—this is what Dr. Johnson meant by private liberty. Fleet Street open day and night—this is what he meant by public order. Give a sensible man these, and take all the rest, the world goes round. Tyranny was a bugbear. Either the tyranny was bearable, or it was not. If it was bearable, it did not matter, and as soon as it became unbearable the mob cut off the tyrant's head, and wise men went home to their dinner. To views of this sort he gave emphatic utterance on the well-known occasion when he gave Sir Adam Fergusson a bit of his

* Continued from October 17th, and concluded.

mind. Sir Adam had innocently enough observed that the Crown had too much power. Thereupon Johnson: 'Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long; mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of government.' This is not and never was the language of Toryism. It is a much more intellectual 'ism.' It is indifferentism. So, too, in his able pamphlet 'The False Alarm,' which had reference to Wilkes and the Middlesex Election, though he no doubt attempts to deal with the constitutional aspect of the question, the real strength of his case is to be found in passages like the following:—

The grievance which has produced all this tempest of outrage, the oppression in which all other oppressions are included, the invasion which has left us no property, the alarm that suffers no patriot to sleep in quiet, is comprised in a vote of the House of Commons, by which the freeholders of Middlesex are deprived of a Briton's birth-right—representation in Parliament. They have, indeed, received the usual writ of election; but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery; they were insulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice. The character of the man, thus fatally excepted, I have no purpose to delineate. Lampoon itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity, because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a gaol.

Temperament was of course at the bottom of this indifference. Johnson was of melancholy humor and profoundly sceptical. Cynical he was not—he loved his fellow-men—his days were full of

Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

But he was as difficult to rouse to enthusiasm about humanity as is Mr. Justice Stephen. He pitied the poor devils, but he did not believe in them. They were neither happy nor wise, and he saw no reason to believe they would ever become either. 'Leave me alone,' he cried to the sultry mob, bawling 'Wilkes and Liberty.' 'I at least am not ashamed to own that I care for neither the one nor the other.'

No man, however, resented more fiercely than Johnson any unnecessary interference with men who were simply going their own way. The Highlanders only knew Gaelic, yet political wisecracks were to be found objecting to their having the Bible in their own tongue. Johnson flew to arms: he wrote one of his monumental letters; the opposition was quelled, and the Gael got his Bible. So too the wicked interference with Irish enterprise, so much in vogue during the last century, infuriated him. 'Sir,' he said to Sir Thomas Robinson, 'you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do so?'

Were Johnson to come to life again, total abstainer as he often was, he would, I expect, denounce the principle involved in 'Local Option.' I am not at all sure he would not borrow a guinea from a bystander, and become a subscriber to the 'Property and Labor Defence League;' and though it is notorious that he never read any book all through, and never could be got to believe that anybody else ever did, he would, I think, read a larger fraction of Mr. Spencer's pamphlet, 'Man *versus* the State,' than of any other 'recent work in circulation.' The state of the Strand, when two vestries are at work upon it, would, I am sure, drive him into open rebellion.

As a letter-writer, Johnson has great merits. Let no man despise the epistolary art. It is said to be extinct. I doubt it. Good letters are always scarce. It does not follow that because our grandmothers wrote long letters, they all wrote good ones, or that nobody nowadays writes good letters because most people write bad ones. Johnson wrote letters in two styles. One was monumental—more suggestive of the chisel than the pen. In the other there are traces of the same style, but, like the old Gothic architecture, it has grown domesticated, and become the fit vehicle of plain tidings of joy and sorrow—of affection, wit, and fancy. The letter to Lord Chesterfield is the most celebrated example of the monumental style. From the letters to Mrs. Thrale many good examples of the domesticated style might be selected. One must suffice:—

Queeney has been a good girl, and wrote me a letter. If Burney said she would write, she told you a fib. She writes nothing to me. She can write home fast enough. I have a good mind not to tell her that Dr. Bernard, to whom I had recommended her novel, speaks of it with great commendation, and that the copy which she lent me has

been read by Dr. Lawrence three times over. And yet what a gipsy it is. She no more minds me than if I were a Branghton. Pray, speak to Queeney to write again. . . . Now you think yourself the first writer in the world for a letter about nothing. Can you write such a letter as this? So miscellaneous, with such noble disdain of regularity, like Shakspeare's works; such graceful negligence of transition, like the ancient enthusiasts. The pure voice of Nature and of Friendship. Now, of whom shall I proceed to speak? of whom but Mrs. Montague? Having mentioned Shakspeare and Nature, does not the name of Montague force itself upon me? Such were the transitions of the ancients, which now seem abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understandings.

But the extract had better end, for there are (I fear) 'modern understandings' who will not perceive the 'intermediate idea' between Shakspeare and Mrs. Montague, and to whom even the name of Branghton will suggest no meaning.

Johnson's literary fame is, in our judgment, as secure as his character. Like the stone which he placed over his father's grave at Lichfield, and which it is shameful to think has been removed, it is 'too massy and strong' to be ever much affected by the wind and weather of our literary atmosphere. 'Never,' so he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, 'let criticisms operate upon your face or your mind; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out; but it often dies in the socket. From the author of "Fitzosborne's Letters" I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once, about thirty years ago, and in some small dispute soon reduced him to whistle.' Dr. Johnson is in no danger from anybody. None but Gargantua could blow him out, and he still burns brightly in his socket.

How long this may continue who can say? It is a far cry to 1985. Science may by that time have squeezed literature out, and the author of the 'Lives of the Poets' may be dimly remembered as an odd fellow who lived in the Dark Ages, and had a very creditable fancy for making chemical experiments. On the other hand, the Spiritualists may be in possession, in which case the Cock Lane Ghost will occupy more of public attention than Boswell's hero, who will, perhaps, be reprobated as the profane utterer of these idle words: 'Suppose I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him, shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures, that perhaps his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become effective? No, sir, it is clear how he got into a different room—he was *carried*.'

We here part company with Johnson, bidding him a most affectionate farewell, and leaving him in undisturbed possession of both place and power. His character will bear investigation and some of his books perusal. The latter indeed may be submitted to his own test, and there is no truer one. A book, he wrote, should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. His frequently do both.

Current Criticism

MISS CLEVELAND AND EMERSON.—Miss Cleveland has loved the sage of Concord 'not wisely but too well.' I say not wisely, because Emerson has preached, above all things, the gospel of the preservation of individuality, and the writer of the essays we have named has suffered her individuality to be absorbed. The five historical studies are also imitative, but they are Carlylesque rather than Emersonian. They have gleams of insight, but the prevailing impression is that of a mist of rhetorical expatiation. It is, probably, these essays which are referred to in the brief dedication as having been 'originally prepared for use in schools and colleges;' but they are eminently unfit for educational purposes, except in so far as they may tend to fire students with the writer's own fervid and evidently genuine sympathy with the life of the past. One thing may be truly said in Miss Cleveland's favor: that she has a true and fine feeling for the continuity of history; that she does recognize in the story of the dead centuries the action of the passions and forces that are at work to-day; and though this feeling is happily less rare than it was, it is not so common as to count for nothing.—*The Academy*.

MR. LOWELL AT HARVARD.—Harvard enters this fall on the 250th year of its existence. The college begins its work equipped with the best strength that during the last ten years has caused its unprecedented growth in scholarship and liberal spirit. A number of young men have also been added to the veteran ranks of instructors. The most noteworthy addition to this year's list is the name of James Russell Lowell. So Harvard is after all to retain this one of her most illustrious sons. Evidently his attachment to his Alma Mater has not waned since the time when

Cambridge and Cambridge men were topics in which his pen delighted. But that is more than twenty years ago, and yet the interval of time, the universal admiration of his literary genius, and the praise of nations for his political services have caused no difference. His return to Harvard is certainly a fact worthy of congratulation, especially in face of the inducements held out to him by the more renowned English university. In his capacity as professor of Belles Lettres he will conduct two courses. One will be chiefly a study of Cervantes, the other will be devoted to Dante. The Spanish course is already associated with the name of Henry W. Longfellow and the Italian with that of Charles Eliot Norton. The present incumbent has certainly not undertaken a task in any way unworthy of his recent exalted rank.—*The Commercial Advertiser*.

JOSH BILLINGS DESCRIBED BY A FRIEND.—How the dead humorist laughed his way into public favor and the receipt of a very handsome income is now well known. Personally, he seemed to realize the popular conception of his fictitious character. Over six feet in height, with breadth of shoulder to correspond, a decided stoop that seemed to indicate an early devotion to agricultural pursuits, hair worn to the shoulders to conceal a physical defect, a slouch hat, a cloak, and a somewhat melancholy cast of countenance, the average beholder was not surprised when informed that the peculiar-looking figure was that of 'Josh Billings.' Mr. Shaw was also unlike many professional humorists in never saving his best things for his 'copy.' His was an abounding, overflowing humor, that he could no more repress than he could change the color of his skin or reduce his stature. All who approached him were impressed by his strong individuality, and his originality was as apparent as the sun in heaven. His was a whole-souled, open nature, that bore no malice, revelled in the love of family and friends, and enjoyed heartily and honestly the gifts that fortune had poured in his lap. His later years were passed, when not 'on the road,' in this city in the winter, and in journeying about the country from place to place in his own conveyance in the summer—a mode of travelling of which he was especially fond.—*J. H. H., in The Daily Telegraph*.

'THE RESCUE OF GREELY.'—We venture to assert that few, if any, books of travel and adventure published within the last year will more thoroughly repay the trouble of careful perusal than the volume before us. Here is no dry record of weeks or months spent in miserable monotony, in the heroic endurance of darkness and cold, and, possibly, semi-starvation, on the terrible icefields. These pages are alive with busy stir and adventure, crowned with success, and full of human interest. The writers tell their story as one might spin a yarn over a winter's fire, but with a marvellous self-effacement. Only those who can read between the lines will even guess how much of the ultimate success of the Relief Expedition must have been due to the ability of one of the narrators, who rarely alludes to himself at all. Thoroughly to enjoy this book, and be really the wiser for its contents, the reader should never for a moment shut up the big map at the end—(which, by the way, ought really to be on thicker paper)—and he would do well to place on one side any previous information he may have on the subject of which it treats, and bringing to it full freshness of attention, he will be amply rewarded.—*The Spectator*.

'A VERY GOOD STORY.'—In defiance of his own dictum, Mr. Howells has contrived to tell a very good story in 'The Rise of Silas Lapham.' Obviously he has found some difficulty in making the most of it. He seems to have a want of perception as to climax, and consequently he is rather wrong (to use a favorite expression of his) as to the point where he should conclude. The reader shuts the book with a sense of diluted interest, but he cannot say that the character of Silas Lapham is not fully developed. The book is characteristically American. English readers have been made sufficiently familiar with Boston life to appreciate Mr. Howells's picture; but they cannot fail to be amused by the *naïveté* of his hit at what he calls Daisy-Millerism while he is drawing a type which one might imagine to be no less irritating to Americans than the famous Daisy herself. It is, however, impossible to differentiate American sensibilities, and English people must be content to be amused. Mr. Howells's careful attention to details and to the machinery of his story is observable throughout. Every character is perfect in its way, and only on a few occasions does the writer slip into the American habit of overdoing the study of a person's state of mind. Once or twice, however, he has seemed to forget the clever little

bit of criticism on George Eliot put into the mouth of one of his girls: 'I wish she would let you find out a little about the people for yourself.'—*The Athenæum*.

AN EFFECTIVE TIT FOR TAT.—Mr. Robert Mitchell, the solitary Russian translator at the India Office, is to be placed on the retired list, and his post will be abolished. It is not easy to appreciate the wisdom of this step; a few hundreds a year are saved, but the Department which really has more to do with Russia than any other will not possess an officer whose duty it is to know Russian. How Russian documents and newspapers are to be translated does not appear; perhaps the new Secretary of State does not care to know what Russians say; perhaps he will step across the quadrangle to the Foreign Office to get the work done. Lord Randolph Churchill would not be the first English Minister who manifested a lordly indifference to any language but his own. Lord Palmerston, as the story goes, once reproved the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg for writing in French to the Russian Foreign Office, and instructed him, as an Englishman, to use his mother tongue only. The Russian Chancellor politely responded to this by directing the representative of Russia in London to write to Lord Palmerston in Russian only—a simple device by which Russia scored an easy victory. Needless to say, French soon resumed its original position as the medium of intercourse between the Governments. Lord Randolph Churchill might do worse than remember this incident.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE NAME RUSKIN.—If Mr. Ruskin does not see his *Notes and Queries*, he will be interested to know that an etymological discussion is being carried on in that learned little print as to the derivation of 'the name Ruskin.' 'Is it not,' says one correspondent, 'a compound of *rus*=red (Fr. *roux*) and the diminutive ending *kin*? and if so, Ruskin would mean little redhead. The French *roux*,' he goes on, 'was formerly written *rus* and *rous* (Littre), and has given rise in English to the name Russell and to russet, and in French to the diminutives used in names Rosset, Rossel, Roussel, and Rousselle (whence our Russell), Rousseau, Rosselet, Rousselet, Rousselin, Rousselin,' etc. Another contributor to the discussion believes that Ruskin is only a corrupted form of Erskine. In the Scottish name of Erskine the *r* is trilled, and if from the old form Ariskine and Areskin (in which the name frequently occurs in MSS.) the initial *a* be dropped, the name Ruskin appears at once. Mr. Ruskin has had something to say about his name in various passages of his writings, and we shall hope soon to see the 'last word' on the controversy in his resumed autobiography. Little redhead is fantastic, but certainly not picturesque.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT THE NOVELISTS HAVE DONE.—In real life there would be mere dumb, inarticulate, unconscious feeling—at least, for the immense majority of humanity—if certain specially-gifted individuals did not pick out, isolate, those feelings of real life, show them to us in an ideal condition where they have a merely intellectual value, where we could assimilate them into our conscious ideas. This is done by the moralist, by the preacher, by the poet, by the dramatist—people who have taught mankind to see the broad channels along which its feelings move, who have dug those channels. But in all those things, those finer details of feeling which separate us from the people of the time of Elizabeth—nay, from the people of the time of Fielding—who have been those that have discovered, made familiar, placed within the reach of the immense majority subtleties of feeling barely known to the minority some hundred years before? The novelists, I think. They have, by playing upon our emotions, immensely increased the sensitiveness, the richness, of this living key-board; even as a singing-master, by playing on his pupil's throat, increases the number of the musical intervals which he can intone.—*Vernon Lee, in The Contemporary Review*.

Notes

IN our next issue (October 31) we shall print a brief paper on the effects of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, prepared by Mr. Parkman, the historian, in view of the two-hundredth anniversary of that event—the twenty-second of this month.

—The November number of *Macmillan's*, the first that appears under the new editor, will contain a poem by Tennyson. The Laureate's new volume, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish early in December, will consist almost entirely of new

poems, several of them of considerable length. The most important are 'Tiresias,' with a dedicatory epistle to the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald; 'The Ancient Mystic,' 'The Wreck,' 'Tomorrow,' a poem in Irish brogue; 'The Spinster's Sweet-arts,' in Lincolnshire dialect; and 'Balin and Balan,' a new 'Idyll of the King.'

—Mr. Browning will contribute a poem to 'Why I am a Liberal,' the new work which Cassell & Co. are about to publish.

—The publishers of *Harper's Monthly* announce that they have already received from England orders for 75,000 copies of their Christmas number. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner will contribute to the magazine next summer what will be practically a story of American society, told in a series of half-humorous papers, the material for which he has gathered in pleasure resorts North and South.

—R. D. Blackmore, author of that masterpiece of fiction, 'Lorna Doone,' has written a new novel, which will be published serially in *Harper's Magazine* during the coming year. It is a story of the period of the Napoleonic wars, and the scene is laid in rural England. The title of the story is 'Springhaven.'

—W. E. Norris, author of 'Matrimony,' will contribute a new serial novel, entitled 'Hope,' to *Lippincott's* for 1886. The same magazine will publish an anonymous novel, called 'Taken by Siege,' dealing with certain literary and dramatic aspects of New York social life. The story is said to reveal the closest familiarity with the phase of life which it describes.

—After the present year, *Lippincott's Magazine* will be published on the first of the month whose name it bears instead of in the middle of the preceding month—a change which will enable the new editor to carry out an arrangement perfected on his recent trip to Europe, which will make *Lippincott's* the authorized medium in this country for the publication of stories, essays, and sketches by well-known transatlantic authors simultaneously with their appearance abroad. Under this arrangement contributions may be expected from W. E. Norris, W. H. Mallock, Ouida, James Payn, F. Anstey, William Black, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, A. C. Swinburne, and others. American literature will be represented by such authors as Gail Hamilton, John Bach McMaster, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Brander Matthews, 'J. S. of Dale,' Helen Gray Cone and Julian Hawthorne.

—*The Athenæum* hears that Mr. John Payne is engaged upon a translation of the 'Decameron,' which is to be printed for the Villon Society.

—According to *The Academy*, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, authors of 'A Canterbury Pilgrimage,' have returned from a journey of two thousand miles on their tricycle, through France and Switzerland to North Italy and back, which they will, in due course, describe and illustrate in *The Century*. They happily just missed killing an Italian child; but what became of the flock of sheep into which they charged at over twenty miles an hour at a curve in an eight-mile hill, they did not stop to inquire.

—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has written a White Mountain romance for *Wide Awake*, entitled 'A Girl and a Jewel.' It will run six months in that magazine.

—Lieut. Frederic Schwatka, whose recent volume of hunting adventure, 'Nimrod in the North,' has met with much success, has another book in the press of Cassell & Co., entitled 'Along Alaska's Great River.' It is an account, by its commander, of the Alaskan exploring expedition of 1883.

—Miss Helen Gray Cone, a frequent contributor to the poets' corner of *The Century* and *The Atlantic*, has collected her fugitive verses, and Cassell & Co. will print them this fall in a pretty volume called 'Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay.'

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has a new novel in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 'Bonneyborough' is its name, and it will be published in November.

—'Old Lines in New Black and White' is the title of a volume of phototype reproductions of charcoal drawings by Hopkinson Smith, illustrating certain favorite lines from Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. Mr. Smith and Mr. Geo. W. Edwards have illustrated for the same house—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Dr. Holmes's ever-popular 'The Last Leaf' for a holiday volume. The illustrations are capital, and the interest of the book is increased by the printing of the poem in *fac-simile* of Dr. Holmes's autograph. Fifty copies of this book will be printed on large paper, with the illustrations on vellum, and each copy will be signed by the author and the artists.

—In Andrew Lang's 'Books and Bookmen,' to be published by Geo. J. Coombes, there will be two new poems, one to open, the other to close the book. Messrs. Gosse, Dobson and Lang have written new poems for Brander Matthews's collection of 'Ballads of Books,' which will be published by Mr. Coombes.

—Mr. Coombes has arranged for a special edition of Tauchnitz's British Authors, bound in half red morocco and offered at a low price. His new catalogue contains a long list of autograph letters.

—Over a letter from J. W. Poinier, of Newark, N. J., *Shakespeareana* puts the head-line 'The First American Portrait of Shakespeare.' It is a description of the picture of the poet engraved by Richard (afterwards Bishop) Field; for Bioren & Madan's twelve-volume edition of Shakespeare, published in Philadelphia in 1795.

—When issued in book form, Dr. Holmes's 'New Portfolio,' now running in *The Atlantic*, will be called 'A Mortal Antipathy.'

—A new work on the Brontë family, having special reference to the unfortunate Patrick Branwell Brontë, is announced in London. The author is F. A. Leyland. Some hitherto unknown poetry of Branwell's has recently been found and will be printed before long. It is said to be of excellent quality.

—Jacksonville, Ill., boasts an Emerson Society, whose fourth season has just opened.

—'One of the pleasantest recollections of my trip to Washington,' said Canon Farrar to a *World* correspondent last Sunday, 'will be the reception accorded me by the President of the United States. Although I don't flatter myself that Mr. Cleveland treated me any more courteously than he would any other gentleman who called upon him, I cannot help feeling that he was very kind to me. After talking upon a variety of subjects, upon all of which he was perfectly informed, my host led me over the White House and explained the various rooms and their contents in the most thorough manner. . . . It has been very pleasant for me on my first visit to the United States to learn that the people here have read and studied my sermon on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered when he was murdered, a score of years ago, and other efforts of mine connected with names illustrious in American history.'

—Prof. Colvin, who wrote of Landon for the English Men-of-Letters Series, has just prepared the volume on Keats.

—A German translation of Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' by Carl Knortz, of New York, and T. W. Ralleston, editor of *The Dublin University Review*, is about to be published at Zurich, Switzerland.

—A correspondent at Dartmouth calls our attention to a possibly misleading misprint in the fifteenth line from the foot of the second column of page 959, in *Harper's* for November, where the Revolution of July appears as 'the Revolution of Italy.'

—*The Brooklyn Magazine* promises to print in its November number Archdeacon Farrar's views on the question 'Has America Need of a Westminster Abbey?'

—Hereafter Harvard is to have a Committee of Conference consisting of five members of the Faculty, appointed by the President of the College, fourteen students (five Seniors, four Juniors, three Sophomores and two Freshmen) elected by their classmates, and two students elected at large by the other members of the Committee. One of the five members of the Faculty will be Chairman of the Committee. According to the *Times*, 'any step taken by the Faculty will be explained and justified before the Committee; any complaints on the part of the students will be heard before the Committee, and, through the Faculty members, referred to the Faculty itself. In this way it is hoped that a better understanding will be established between the governors and the governed.'

—Marion Crawford has written to a friend in London, from his cave in Italy, to the effect that he is extremely busy, having promised a serial to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and one to *The Atlantic Monthly*, besides having several other irons in the fire. He has two novels half written, one of them an Italian story, which seems to him better in every way than the 'Roman Singer' or 'To Leeward.'

—'Elements of Descriptive and Qualitative Inorganic Chemistry,' by James H. Shepard, will be issued by D. C. Heath & Co. on Monday next. It is a text-book for beginners, based on experimental and inductive methods of instruction, and containing for the student a course of practical laboratory work, illustrating the general principles of the science, and their application to the chemical industries.

—A week from to-day Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish an anonymous novel of New England life, called 'Highlights,' and new editions of 'The Sutherlands' and 'Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's,' by the author of 'Rutledge.'

—J. B. Lippincott Co. have nearly ready 'The Queen's Empire,' a handsome volume on India, by Joseph Moore, Jr., F.R.G.S. It will contain fifty full-page phototypes.

—Ponce de Leon's 'Diccionario Tecnológico Inglés-Español y Español-Inglés' is by no means on its 'winding way,' for here it is—pamphlet No. 13—already far down in the S's. The verdict of the press on its usefulness is given with singular unanimity, as indeed it should be with all good work. In two or three more *entregas*, this technological Spanish-English English-Spanish dictionary will be complete—to the great advantage of translators, importers, and scientific folk.

—An excellent journal for scientific interchange, exchange of ideas between owners and buyers of scientific collections, collectors of mineralogical and other cabinets, and the like, comes to us from Philadelphia. *The Museum* is just starting, we hope, on a course of extended usefulness. The second number (June) leads off with a paper on that curious antiquarian question, 'The Symbol of the Cross in the Aztec Remains of America,' from the pen of the veteran investigator, Dr. D. G. Brinton. A large supply of interesting articles from the pens of specialists is promised; among others, papers on 'Old Wedgwood China,' 'Bird History,' 'Coins of India,' 'Mosses and How to Collect Them,' 'Curiosities in Coins,' and 'Curious Butterflies.'

—Ruskin's *Peaterita* is reproduced (typographically) very closely in the American reprint of John Wiley & Sons. It is hard to say whether the creamy yellow of the original English edition or the thick, soft white paper of the 'Yankee' edition is the more agreeable to the eye.

—Lovers of Dante, who are becoming more and more numerous in this country, will rejoice in the last issue of the Bibliographical Contributions from the Library of Harvard University—'The Dante Collections in the Harvard College and Boston Public Libraries,' by W. C. Lane (Cambridge, Mass.) One gets in this way an admirable *übersicht* of the zoöphyte process of literary accretion—Dante imbedded in his commentators like the sub-lineations of the moss-agate.

—*The American Journal of Philology*, which is the official philological organ of Johns Hopkins University, continues to give evidence of uncommon vitality, and versatility too. Prof. Elliott's 'Contributions to a History of the French Language of Canada' is easily the most interesting article in the second number of Vol. VI. It opens up new and rich fields for the trans-Atlantic linguistic explorer. The French language in Canada possesses astonishing vigor and is spreading to the right hand and the left, as this very suggestive contribution shows. Now who will explore Louisiana in the same way? and then the Gringo Spanish of New Mexico, Texas and Lower California? No. 1 contains an important notice by Prof. A. C. Merriam of the famous Epeheic Inscription now in the Library of Columbia College. Prof. Gildersleeve continues his paper on 'The Final Sentence (clause?) in Greek,' employing the statistical method with much success. Half of each volume is made up of adequate book-reviews, condensed reports of the contents of the European philological journals, news, correspondence, and notes. Acrid controversy is agreeably absent from the pages of the *Journal*.

—Circular No. 2 for 1885 of the Bureau of Education contains accounts of Teachers' Institutes and their relations to the public school system and the normal schools. Much information in regard to the working of the system in the Southern States is contained between its paper covers.

—*The Andover Review* for October contains an article on 'The Religious Condition of Germany,' by Rev. Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, an American clergyman resident in Berlin, which takes a more hopeful view of the case than American clergymen usually express. Dr. Stuckenberg is undoubtedly right, as far as he goes, but he has not exhausted the subject. One of the greatest religious evils in Germany, which he omits to name, has been the practical divorce between scientific theological study and the work of the pulpit; one of the most encouraging signs is the endeavor now made to bring the pastors and the theologians closer together. Editorial No. VI on 'Progressive Orthodoxy' treats of 'The Christian,' and brings out from a new side the distinctive position of the *Review*—that 'probation' is not limited to this life. The same theory appears in a concrete form in the editorial paper on the 'Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the American Board.' The third editorial answers in the affirmative the question whether 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a novel.

Other articles are on 'The "Théodicée" of Leibnitz,' by Professor Torrey, of Burlington; 'The New England Company'—an interesting account of early missionary effort in New England,—by H. A. Hill; and 'Commerce, Civilization and Christianity,' by Rev. Dr. W. Barrows.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1043.—Under date of August 15, 1859, George Eliot says, in her journal (Harper's recent edition of her *Life*, vol. II, p. 94): 'Declined the American proposition, which was to write a story of twelve parts (weekly parts) in the *New York Century* for £1200.' *Scribner's Monthly* (now *The Century*) was not started till 1870. To what publication does George Eliot refer?

NEW YORK CITY.

A. B. C.

[The *Century* of the date mentioned was an eight-page family and literary paper, published by Mr. McElrath, formerly Horace Greeley's partner. He lost nearly, if not quite, all his money in it, we believe.]

No. 1044.—In my school days there was a piece of poetry which was often spoken in our public exhibitions. The last lines of each verse were

Peace, said the ———, hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak and I am strong.

Where can I find it? or, if not too long, would you print it.

NEW YORK CITY.

W. B. H.

No. 1045.—Where can I purchase a History of England that is a continuation of Maxmullay? His History, as you know, comes down to within a few months of the close of William III.'s reign. I would like to get a history of the English people from that time down to our own time.

McCORTSVILLE, PA.

W. K. T. S.

[There is no continuous and complete modern History of England to our time, that we know of; but one will get all he wants, probably, from Green's 'History of the English People,' 4 vols. \$10 (or his 'Short History,' \$1.20); Justin McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Times,' 2 vols. \$2.50; and Thackeray's 'Four Georges'—all published by Harper & Bros.]

No. 1046.—What is Robert Browning's present address?

EAST AVON, N. Y.

G. P. T.

[Venice, Italy.]

No. 1047.—Will the author of 'A Student's Reflections' in THE CRITIC of January 17, 1885, please make known his address?

XENIA, ILL.

J. B. B.

[Address O. M. S., 129 East 86th Street, New York City.]

No. 1048.—Will C. H. B. R., Chicago, Ill., or any other reader please inform me whether the Mrs. Glover alluded to in Answer to No. 1011, in THE CRITIC of September 12, is yet living, and if so, where?

CHEROKEE, MICH.

A. L. F.

ANSWERS.

No. 855.—Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have just begun the publication of an English edition of Balzac's works. The first volume is 'Père Goriot.'

No. 1023.—Your compositor very kindly supplied the dancing master with a musician, instead of the physician, as in my manuscript. The next stanza of the song would have saved him the trouble. It runs thus:

The physician was proud and tossed up his head,
And scarce would the woodman mark, sir,
'We two are equals,' the woodman said,
'For both of us deal in bark, sir.'

I once had occasion to quote 'The sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.' The printer made it gong. I corrected the proof; still, a second time gong appeared; and only by a personal interview and reference to Holy Writ was I relieved from the sound of a gong.

ST. DENIS, MD.

H.

No. 1034.—Please inform F. C. B. that Cupples, Upham & Co. will sell him a copy of 'Howell's Letters' for \$5.

BOSTON, MASS.

C., U. & Co.

THE ACCIDENT POLICIES OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., are not restricted to accidents of travel, but cover accidents of all kinds, whether traveling, in the office, workshop or at home.

MAN wants but little here below. Woman wants Porzoni's Complexion Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.